

The Historie of

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue
With cheefe and garlike in a windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any summer house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: shall I tell you, cosin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his hum or, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, you are to wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quit besides his patience:
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautesse, opinion and disdaine,
The least of which, hanting a noble man,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stain
Vpon the beuty of all partes besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Wel, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,
Heere come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, I no welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Sheele

Hen

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele

Mor. Good father tell her,
Shall follow in your conduct

Glendower speakes to her
him in th

Glen. She is desperat here,
A peeuish selfe wild harlotry,
good vpon.

The Lady

Mor. I vnderstand thy lo
Which thou powrest downe
I am too perfect in, and but fo
In such a parley should I answ

The Lady

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisse
And thats a feeling disputation
But I will neuer be a truant lo
Till I haue learnd thy languag
Makes welsh as sweete as ditt
Sung by a faire Queene in a su
VVith rauishing diuision to l

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, the

The Lady speake

Mor. O, I am ignorance it f

Glen. She bids you on the w
And rest your gentle head v
And she will sing the sung tha
And on your eyelids crowne
Charming your bloud with p
Making such difference betw
As is the difference betwixt d
The houre before the heauen
Begins his golden progresse i

Mor. V Vith al my heart I
By that time will our booke I

Glen. Do so, and those M
Hang in the ayre a thousand l
And straight they shal be here